

# GOOD KNIGHT'S WORK

D. H. GREEN: *The Millsäster Exodus: A Crusading Epic*. 467pp. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

The *Millsäster Exodus* is an Early Middle High German epic poem usually dated to the early twelfth century: by showing that the chief innovations in the poem's treatment of its biblical material consist in an emphasis on the military implications of the Exodus narrative, Professor Green suggests that the poet's aim was to make the events and personages of the source more intelligible to a knightly audience. On the basis of the evidence supplied by contemporary crusading chronicles, largely neglected by previous scholarship, the author then demonstrates that the defeat of the Egyptians at the passage of the Red Sea and the Exodus of the Hebrews to the Promised Land were felt to stand in a typological relationship to the crusaders' own journey to the Holy Land and their occupation of it under pagan opposition. Having established these two premises, Professor Green reaches the crux of his argument: the possibility of a causal relationship between them, leading to the conclusion that the vernacular poet interpreted the biblical Exodus primarily in the light of its crusading implications for his audience, and that the common medieval association of Exodus with baptism and the Easter liturgy plays only a secondary role in the *Millsäster* work.

The author correctly judges that the key to the German poet's attitude to his material lies in a detailed comparison between the *Millsäster Exodus* and its source, the first fifteen chapters of the Vulgate Exodus. (Like every student of medieval biblical works in the vernacular, Professor Green is obliged to neglect the possibility that another Latin version supplied the poet's ignorance about where precisely the differed from the Vulgate text.) The comparison, which comprises about one-third of the book (chapters II-IV), is argued, at the risk of occasional prolixity, with a methodical precision and minute attention to detail which are entirely admirable, and this is true of the study as a whole. One is, however, occasionally left with the feeling that the analysis has been exhaustive to the point of excess. When, for example, the detailed examination of the scenes expanded by the poet leads to the conclusion that the technique "serves... to embed the action in the context of time and space", one wonders if the conclusion is of such value, either for Professor Green's own thesis or as a more general critical judgment on the poem, that it justifies the wealth of argument which precedes. Given that the poet chooses to expand rather than to contract his material, and that his source possesses a laconic style which neglects spatial and temporal connections between the different facts related, it is really to be expected that the expansion of the German poem should employ categories other than those of space and time? The great detail with which the

connection between the Exodus and the crusades is established is also disproportionate to the evidence of the *Millsäster* poem itself, for although once again Professor Green's handling of his material cannot be faulted, the fact remains that there the crusading motifs are hardly explicit and the argument hinges on the testimony of a relatively few lines of the German work. Perhaps this lack of perspective is more apparent than real, for anyone who has laboured with the sources of medieval works of this nature is familiar with this common discrepancy between the sheer quantity of the Latin theological sources available and the relative paucity of the vernacular material, and the consequent difficulty in presenting a balanced argument. Three minor points may be raised here. The author is wrong to describe the passage of the Red Sea as "the only aspect of Exodus which is related to baptism": for the traditional allegorical interpretation of the episode of the waters of Marah, and to a lesser extent, the water drawn by Moses from the rock, were sometimes informed with baptismal associations. Second, the reason why the poet, contrary to his usual practice of omitting such biblical material as genealogies and place-names which could not readily be assimilated to the medieval present, nevertheless retains certain Egyptian place-names, is indeed to "indicate tangibly the various stages of the Israelites' journey", but their function is also more than this, for these place-names are doubtless intended to recall to the audience the allegorical tradition of the forty-two Stations in the Wilderness which was based on Numbers 33 and after forming the subject of a homily of Origen and an epistle of Jerome, played an important part in the medieval exegesis of the Exodus history. Finally, the poet's description of the Hebrews' loss of confidence before crossing the Red Sea is interpreted by the author as a form of antithetical typology, however implicit, introduced to admonish and exhort the crusaders to surpass the Hebrews. Here it is not clear why the murmurings of the Hebrews in Exodus 16, 2 ff. should have influenced the poet's expansion of Exodus 14, 10 ff., for though the later biblical episode was indeed a traditional example of antithetical typology, the medieval bible commentators make the same allegorical point when dealing with Exodus 14, 10 ff. But Professor Green is obliged to have recourse to Exodus 16 because only in this wider context of the sinfulness of the Hebrews in the wilderness can the crucial link with the crusading sources be established. Furthermore, it is part of his own argument here that the poet wished to avoid any suggestion of the sin of arrogance introduced in Exodus 16.

These minor criticisms of detail in no way invalidate the basic tenor of the argument. However, each reflects a certain reluctance on the author's part to adduce the evidence of the medieval Bible commentaries and this evidence would probably strengthen the case for an interpretation of the *Millsäster* poem in the light of the regional baptismal and crusading associations of Exodus, and thus his opening and concluding chapters, the author judges to be subject to his own interpretation. The paschal associations occur frequently in the commentary; the poet introduces them merely to enhance a basic crusading idea, even their presence in crusade contexts does not prove a complete conviction that the crusade element dominates in the *Millsäster* work. The lack of explicit crusade references in the poem is supposed to show that the poet stood at the beginning of a tradition and was himself uncertain of the value of depicting his Hebrews engaged in physical warfare on behalf of God. This may well be true, but it is not an entirely convincing conclusion to draw from evidence which superficially might seem to detract from Professor Green's chief contention that military implications are deliberately and consistently emphasized in the poem. It is significant that long before the emergence of the crusading ideal the Anglo-Saxon poet in his version of Exodus was also, in Professor Green's words, "keen to use every opportunity to introduce military notions", and the same Old English poem also resembles the *Millsäster* work in concluding the narrative with the passage of the Red Sea, a natural climax in the paschal liturgical conception which is accepted as a major influence on the English poem. It was on the basis of the English parallel that Schröder proposed a similar interpretation for the *Millsäster* poem in 1935 in an article which, in brief, is not acknowledged by the author. The criticisms voiced here directed at the relative neglect of the possible interpretations of the German poem, and not at the conduct of his argument, for one does not imagine how the case for crusading interpretation could have been better presented on the evidence available. The documentation is equally thorough and reliable, and in what must be the best length study of an Early Middle High German work to be published in English Professor Green has not only illuminated the vernacular epic, but also drawn attention to material of the greatest importance for scholars interested in medieval historiography and in the ethos of the crusades. An index of references to the sources cited from the *Millsäster* would be a useful addition to a subsequent edition of the book, while some of the patristic and medieval theological works now exist in recent editions than those of the *Patrologia Latina* quoted by the author.

**Shirley Hazzard**  
People in Glass Houses  
Macmillan

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*By Malcolm Bradbury*

Turning to some factual in-

landscape background has no "containing frame" needs the qualification that before the picture was cut the landscape was framed by columns, and such errors must be added a curious mistranslation of Vasari, whose comment on a Giorgione portrait "da me visto in mostra per un'Asseno" is rendered as "which I saw displayed in his absence" — all the odder since Milanese's annotation in the edition cited here correctly explains: "Così chiamano a Venezia la festa dell'Assenione." Modern authors are not always consulted more attentively; for example, a drawing by Raphael at Oxford is designated a self-portrait, without hesitation, and the supporting footnote refers us to the British Museum catalogue of drawings by Raphael and his circle — the authors of which had very persuasively demolished the theory that the Oxford drawing was the self-portrait and rightly asserted the better claims of one in London.

Frequently, however, the inaccuracies are of wider scope. Let us consider the statement that "When Dürer visited Venice for the second time, the changes that he found there could be summed up in a single name, Giorgione". If this sentence means anything, it implies an awareness on Dürer's part, in 1506, of Giorgione before all other artists. If we allow that the question is beyond mere speculation, and if we ask what evidence there might be for an answer, that evidence could be of two kinds; it could exist in Dürer's subsequent work (but it does not), or it could be sought in literary sources, preferably his own letters. There one can find only one relevant comment, which seems to confound

the assertion. Dürer wrote to Pirckheimer in a very familiar letter dated February 7, 1506, while discussing the artistic scene in Venice: "Giovanni Bellini . . . is very old, but is still the best painter of them all." He never mentioned Giorgione. Or let us take another remark, of the same very definite kind which characterizes the whole book: "Massaccio's *Trinity* is that rare thing, a completely novel painting"; it is novelty with respect to portraiture is analysed thus: "not only are the portraits of Lorenzo Lenzi and his wife on the same scale as the figures of God the Father, the crucified Christ, the Virgin and St. John inside the chapel, but they are accorded greater prominence than the religious figures". The first claim is vulnerable to one earlier instance of equal scale alone, and the portraits of Bonifazio Lupi and his wife in the votive Madonna of the Cappella di San Giacomo in the Santo at Padua, attributed to Altichiero and painted nearly fifty years before the "Trinity", will serve very well (although they are not the earliest). The second claim is based upon a visual assessment for which it is hard to find any backing; the consensus sees the emphasis on the Trinity-group itself. A similar and immediately subsequent judgment that the donor-portrait in Jan van Eyck's "Rolin Madonna" has greater prominence than the divine figures may just get by if a black-and-white photograph alone is consulted, but it will not do when referred to the picture itself; the corrective effect of colour was well described in the standard monograph on Van Eyck.

proposition against a book which, after all, packed densely with information; and the reason for this is there is simply to point out that the book, perhaps more than we expect, calls for critical reading.

It must be emphasized again that the scope of this book is wide and only remains to add that its illustration is correspondingly copious. The blocks are of exceptional quality and generous in size. Some are themselves of outstanding elegance such as the details of Raphael's "Portrait of a Cardinal" in Rome and of Dürer's "Self-Portrait" in Munich. Sub-standard copy is to account for the occasional mistakes, like the reproductions of Raphael drawing in Oxford and Pontormo's "Francesco deluca" in Florence. One plate of Bronzino's "Laura Battifora" does so severely on three sides as to distort the artist's compositional intentions. In all other respect, production of this book fully maintains those high standards associated with the Phaidon Press, and the price is everything an index ought to be.

It is evident that this accurate Renaissance portraiture is unexceptionable. Often it is precisely the book which provokes in the reader lively disagreement which also performs a function more useful than that of inducing a vague suspicion that of provoking thought. To readers whose wish, as I have granted, is simply to enjoy a book about art is certain to enjoy this as the reader who is more concerned with the subject is just as certain to himself rethinking the many points raised in the text.

IT IS DEPRESSING to discover that in the international fiction-race the English novel appears to have lost a good deal of ground in recent years. It is common to find it argued, not only in the avant garde atmosphere of classes in contemporary fiction, but among English writers themselves, that recent English fiction has generally been unambitious and unexperimental—which, for a good many readers these days, means more or less uninteresting. In one respect, the charge derives from the fact that avant gardism is becoming more and more the working culture of college students. But when the argument is most meaningfully put, when, for instance, it is said that English fiction seems out of touch with the intellectual reappraisals and revolutions of our time, there is cause for anxiety. I desire for an explanation. For instance, there is no one often expressed in England there is now (to which I partly subscribe) less than the more exciting developments in English fiction are American—that is writers like Bellow, Barth, Mailer and Heller who are producing the English-language fiction that has genuine scope, intellectual and psychological tension, and aesthetic priority. I do think there is a good deal more intellectual and imaginative economy in English fiction today than has often said, though it often shows less of the surface radicalism that marks many American writers;

# MYTHS

what uncommonly tradition-bound is usually derived from comparing what is going on now with the heyday of the modernist movement in the first quarter of the century. So, for example, Frederick R. Karl argues in his *Reader's Guide to the Contemporary English Novel* that from about 1930 onward the English novel has tended to be restrictive rather than extensive, tended

to bring back traditional character and plot rather than to seek the inexpressible; in brief, to return to more safe, contained matter while retaining, however, many of the technical developments of the major moderns. The contemporary novel is clearly no longer "modern."

A somewhat similar point is made by Stephen Spender, in his *The Struggle of the Modern*; his suggestion is that there has always been in the English novel a line of "contemporaries" as opposed to "moderns"—novelists who are much more engaged with prosaic documentation of immediate cultural circumstances than with problems of form and language, and that these now tend to dominate the scene. Both critics appear to agree with Evelyn Waugh's portrait of the artist at the beginning of his most self-analytical novel, *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*. Here Waugh presents his writer-hero, a semi-satirical self-portrait, as a craftsman living in an age of limited literary possibilities, a time "notable for elegance and variety of contrivance" but a Silver Age of literature

# AND M

*By* **Malcolm Bradbury**

Wain and Kingsley Amis— whose novel *I Like It Here* argues the case and roots it in a literary tradition stemming from Henry Fielding—and in somewhat older writers like C. P. Snow and William Cooper. A clear expression of the attitude is present in an article which Cooper wrote for the *International Literary Annual*. Called "Reflections on Some Aspects of Experimental Writing", the essay tells us that he and Snow campaigned against the war against the tradition of experimental writing as it had developed in Virginia Woolf and some of the French experimentalists. "We meant", says Cooper,

to write a different kind of novel from that of the thrilles and we saw that the Thirties novel, the Experimental Novel, had got to be pushed out of the way before we could get a proper hearing. Putting it simply, to start with, the Experimental Novel was about Man Alone; we meant to write novels about Man-in-Society as well. (Please note this "as well"; it's important. We had no qualms about incorporating any useful discoveries that had been made in the course of Experimental writing; we simply refused to restrict ourselves to them.)

The statement is clumsily expressed and has its oddities. Cooper identifies the experimental novel with the 1930's and Bloomsbury; hence not post-modernism but post-modernism. He is really attacking a phase of *uninherited* experimentalism, and chooses to do this by making his claim for his own work as a plainer, proscribed

# MANNERS

inquiry, aesthetic curiosity, novelty and obliquity of vision. But that is surely true of almost all the fictionists that has succeeded those writers, whether in France, the United States or England. It is surely evident that most modern intellectual and imaginative expression exists in the status of a footnote to the great artistic revolution of the turn of the century. It is true that current English novelists have much less interest in aesthetic theory and abstract revolutionary statement than do, say, the proponents of the *nouveau roman* in France (though here France seems something of a special case in the general movement of western arts, and indeed the fascination of this activity seems, at least to me, to lie more in theoretical aesthetics than in actual fictional practice). Perhaps more important is the fact that English novelists today are less obviously conspicuous consumers of modernism, and seem often to have missed the point of it all. They have not, for instance, taken up the neo-symbolist norm that the movement seems to have left us with; they seem to be little interested in those paradoxes about the relationship between art and reality whose doubts about selfhood, those ambiguities about the coercive logic of literary structures, which are so much a part of the modernist inheritance. They seem, in short, to have been much less aware of being in

recently that this sense of being in a transforming environment has taken the shape of an assertiveness of styles and images, taking the manner of the willed bohemianism of those who wish to advertise and enfranchise themselves. And even now this will-to-style takes more the form of mini-skirts and student riots than of a new mannerism in the arts. We have come to look for this texture in literature, and its absence is often taken as evidence of a cautious conservatism in literary culture. It is certainly true that the cultural atmosphere of the 1950s in England remained sufficiently stable for writers to feel that neither culturally nor socially was England in a revolutionary situation, though recent changes have pressed this attitude fairly hard, particularly as far as the McLuhanite transformation in media and communication-lines is concerned. But the quiet radicalism of English society has made its mark on fiction, even if the tendency has been for writers often to concentrate on the given events of it, the contingent and the detailed, rather than on the larger epistemological inquiries that are likely to emerge when their own status and position in society is radically challenged. The life-style, the pronouncements, the actual writings of many English novelists make evident enough the fact that they have not had, over this period, a strongly avant garde image, of themselves.

**PER KROHG : *Memoarer—Minner og meninger*. 230pp. Oslo : Gyldendal Norsk. N.kr.66.00.**

Krohg had as a godfather, his father's most famous pupil, Edvard Munch, whom he met only once, and to whose art he feels "respectful curiosity." (To crown his attitude as patronizing, to abstract painting is frankly philistine.) As a boy of eleven he lived at Dieppe, in the same house as Oscar Wilde. In the same year, 1897, he moved with his parents to Paris, where he lived for most of the next thirty years, and for this period the great fumes drop thick and fast on the pages: Mallarmé (under whom he studied), Rodin, Brancusi, Dürer, Klee, Kiefer, Kiefer, Dürer, Rousseau, Renoir, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Suzanne Valadon, Utrillo, Apollinaire, Blaise Cendrars (*sic*), Mallarmé, Jacob, Volland, Cézanne, Derain, Zadkine, Lipchitz, Soutine, Modigliani, Vlaminck, Chagall, and many others. But almost all the only new fact or challenging statement concerning any of these people is the suggestion that Derain was of colour, was permanently affected

**R. B. MOBERLEY: *Three Mozart's***

The beginning of wisdom about Mozart's operas, at any rate for British musicians, was Edward Dent's great book of 1913. When he published a revised edition of it in 1947, he was able to take out some of his expostulations and explanations because knowledge had increased, partly owing to his own scholarly advocacy and partly from theatrical experience of them provided by Sir Thomas Beecham and Glyndebourne. He attributed the change of outlook, which may be symbolized in the fact that it is no longer possible to call it still less to mount *Die Zauberflöte* as *Il Flauto Magico*, to a movement that began in Munich in 1890.

Now, seventy years later, study is still continuing from which new insights into their inextinguishable significance are being obtained. The latest book deals only with *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *The Magic Flute*, to give them their common English designations, and claims to be "an altogether new approach to Mozart's scores". The claim is justified in that Mr. Moberley's is a study in depth, an examination in minute detail of both librett and scores, from

**MOZART'S**

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which he concludes that the characters and the situations were shaped by Mozart himself and that in consequence we can learn Mozart's own intimations of "the pattern of the inner feelings of heterosexual love". In this respect he compares him with Chaucer and notes that behind "the ironic precision there was also ambiguity".

The reader may sometimes suspect that Mr. Moberley's sharp intuitions, his flashes of imaginative interpretation, are uncovering what is not there, and he may think that insufficient attention is paid to theatrical exigencies of casting, production and revivals. Even so the author's great knowledge skilfully marshalled, the saturation of his mind in Mozart's and the sympathy so engendered have produced a work of first-class criticism, such as has in the past been applied to Shakespeare and the drama of the Greeks. For it he has devised a literary form that swings between paraphrase and quotation, a translation of the text into a near-colloquial dialogue, descriptive narrative pointed with the learned allusion.

**KONRAD GATZ and GERHARD ACHTERBERG: *Colour and Architecture***  
279pp. Batsford. £7 7s.

The chief weakness of this ambitious publication is that it offers examples of, and information about, its very important subject without

attempting to discuss or evaluate material. The notes beneath the photograph list the colours and materials used, but wholly without comment. The text of the book deals with the photograph by paragraph with such building materials — stone, ceramic tiles, rendering, asbestos cement, timber, etc. — as so on — and gives an impression of technical information, but is then (largely unrelated to the photograph) a discussion of the relation of colour, and again little about the problem of colour and nothing at all about juxtaposition of colours. Principles to be followed in the choice of colours and the relation of colour to the form of the building.

Guidance to architects in the proper use of colour is indicated. Here is some of the raw material for the book on the subject, which is to be written.

R. B. MOBERLEY: *Three Mozart Operas*. Figaro, Don Giovanni, The Magic Flute. 303pp. Gollancz. £2 2s

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what's in a name—Leporello is Timorous Hare, Masetto Little Tommy, and TAMINO an acrostic on *Tugend, Arbeit und Menschenliebe*.

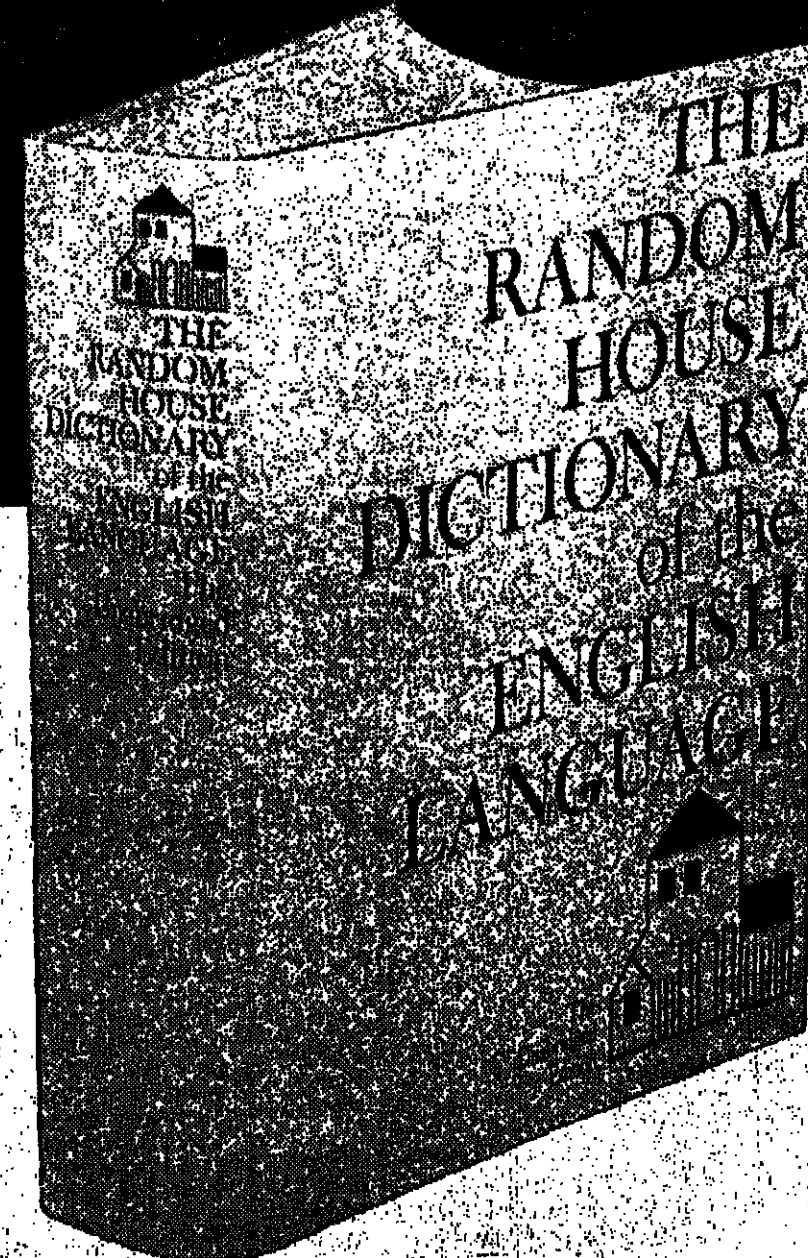
*Figaro* is sufficiently complicated alike in plot and in characterization to stand any amount of elucidation. Take "Deh-veni" for instance, which dramatically is ironical and ambiguous but musically is a break-through of sincere feeling—because the one thing that music cannot distinguish is the difference between a parody and the thing parodied. Mr. Moberley is so anxious that not a single one of these ambiguities shall be missed in performance that he would rather have it sung in English than in Italian: "In *Don Giovanni* he is so sure that every nuance carries a double *cantabile* that he mislays what is surely the key to the plot, which is surely not the Don's licentiousness but his *opéra*. The Don's licentiousness is, of course, a hybridic attribute but what destroys him is not lust but his outrageous arrogance to the dead, his lack of reverence for life.

intendent was little more than a stage property like his horse, and is actually the character who capitulates the pessimistic reversal of fortune and his own. Mr. Moberley is more concerned to build up the Don as a villainous character: he works out elaborate calculations that are brought off in twenty-four hours; at the end we observe it, giving three hours and two: probable and two possible. This is indeed a new twist, but overstates the density of the conception by ignoring the slight defects of the opera, which is caused so many chances, which to slow up the impetus of the (as it used to be) Glyndebourne makes Don Giovanni a character in the street in front of the triumph (as happened in the new Opera production). Similarly dismisses "Dalla sua parte" omitted, though Mozart put it in. This is special pleading in the case of the opera in an otherwise good; so in the Prospective producers of these

seriously study it.

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culture in its detailed aspects which so marks English fiction is in itself an inherent source of fictional novelty. One thing that the novel in England has variously explored is the way in which the identity of its heroes is drawn from the contingent circumstances through which they move. By finding a purposeful, conscience-ridden life for their characters in the area of social connexion, English novelists have often attended less to those areas of solitary life where crises of angst, identity and transcendent vision abound. Now if we take up an anthology like Richard Kostelanetz's *On Contemporary Literature* (Avon Books), which is edited in the assumption that a realist attentiveness is "distinctly separate from the dominant tradition of modern narrative literature", we can readily be persuaded into the fashionable position that geographical or cultural inquiry in fiction is a by-blow to what novels are really about. And we can pine always in our reading for the support of a metaphysics, an overt philosophical dilemma, a vision of some scale and scope. In fact the consistent and meaningful exploration of culture and social conscience can give us a proper sense of totality and aesthetic pleasure.

The view that the modern English novel has somehow "betrayed" modernism therefore seems to me to show a failure of critical imagination, particularly if we go further into the writers who are so often pinned as social reporters and critics and see how complex their tone is. One significant example is the evolution of comedy, a staple line in the British novel, in recent writing. Kingsley Amis may be finally the Jane Austen type, the comedian working in favour of the day-to-day against any grand delirances. But many current English writers are clearly in the vein of the much-

maligned Evelyn Waugh, often thought of as a novelist of class and snobbery, but in fact a major contributor to the vein of the modern comic surreal (compatible enough with the vision of Terry Southern for the two to link together on the screenplay of *The Loved One*). Angus Wilson's grotesques are line visions of social and psychic displacement, caught in the spirit of a bland high camp presentation. Muriel Spark's macabre conjunctions of an orderly and an anarchic vision, through which she cuts away social stability by invading them with gratuitous violence and death, are part of the same line. So are Anthony Burgess, John Bowen (*The Bridge*), and David Lodge (*The British Museum is Falling Down*), while B. S. Johnson's more mannerist, Tristram-Shandyish approach (*Albert Angelo*, *Travel*) suggests that such comic modes are capable of extreme sophistication and elaboration. The development toward grotesque seems likely to continue as, more and more, social change becomes disorienting, mass society more impersonal, and the future more productive of an instinct toward apocalypse.

Again, if we persist in taking as a kind of working norm the "social" nature of the English novel, we also need to recognize the degree to which it has been marked by an instinct toward mythic or romance writing. The conventional account of the English novel of the 1930s is that it was dominated by a group of social realists who saw things sufficiently differently from their predecessors to be Angry Young Men but not sufficiently differently to be literary revolutionaries. They took their force from an interest in chronicling the Welfare State mood and from an atmosphere of working class or lower middle class dissent from those who

"ran things". To some extent this attempt to find a new standpoint for exploring society can be said to have failed: for though often they depended on creating for their heroes a self-devised morality at odds with public morality, the "new" set of values proved to be a version of provincial middle-class indignations against London or of lower working-class indignations about the "boss class". But this particular vein of exploration exhausted itself fairly quickly, and in any case most of the writers who were associated with it were actually writers of wider range.

An obvious case is Iris Murdoch, whose first novel, *Under the Net*, was at once brought under the net of anger—when in fact it was the first of a series of symbolist-philosophical novels (in my view of great importance) dealing with the social or sexual manifestations of root-forces of being like love, power and totalitarianism. Equally Alan Sillitoe, whose first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, is indeed a social novel, produced in his long short story *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* not a social realist portrait of a Nottingham delinquent but finally a deeply abstracted myth about freedom of spirit. And David Storey, whose novel *This Sporting Life* was a fairly effective example of the sort of north-country fiction about the brash, assertive hero we had come to expect after the appearance of John Braine's *Room at the Top*, founds his best book, *Radiance*, on a totally different kind of perception. In *Radiance* the northern setting has been transcribed into a mythicized landscape with its own energies and sterilities, and the novel is an emotional or psychological allegory about the division of spirit and flesh. The effect is much that we might have by Emily Brontë and the psychologist R. D. Laing had conspired to write a novel

together; a vast panoramic work in which landscape, social struggle and psychic forces struggle together toward definition.

In fact, the "social" bias of English novel has never been quite as fundamental as many modern critics have claimed (the English novel, and if it is true that there is a bias of social identity that limits the extreme experiences other cultures have pursued, then the bias is that it is being treated from the more and more oblique viewpoints. This is not only because it is harder and harder for the writer, modern society—even modern English society—to draw on an old consensus about what society is like. It also has to do with the meaning of the modern mind to be alone but in the recesses of a psyche, in inward geographical limitation in the minds of modern English writers which discounts them from finding through their redeeming vision, that large optimistic modernity that gives us to a number of modern American novels; the feeling of displacement is there, but the culture that will give the new metaphysics is not. But it is surely such a culture that the present will-to-style that dominates English society today is searching toward, and one can see the pressures toward it at work in the current English novel. Perhaps there is a meaningful comparison to be made between England now and America in the 1920s, when the gap between generations became accelerated as different created styles and discourses no sure social purpose. And so one can only hope that the period of the 1960s will be as productive period for fiction as the American 1920s.

# A DONNE DISCOVERY

By Dr. P. G. Stanwood

The Hunter manuscript collection, which is in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Durham and in the Cathedral Library, contains in volume 27 a variety of materials, mainly unrelated, of the earlier seventeenth century. The fourth section of this volume appears to be a fragment of a journal or common-place book whose compiler (or compilers) recorded a few letters and some poems. Among the poems, which include one by Corbet, is a Latin epigram, hitherto unnoticed, which the compiler attributes to 'D' Dun, Deane of Paules'. If the attribution is correct, then the poem should be added to the canon of John Donne's work.

This poem evidently refers to the canonization (the "apotheosis") of St. Ignatius of Loyola which occurred in 1622, not to the beatification in 1609. It was in 1622 that the Feast of St. Ignatius was fixed on July 31, St. Germanus of Auxerre being dropped altogether from the Calendar. Donne is playfully satirizing this event, and he writes in a manner that seems typical of him:

Ignatij Loyolae deus agnosce.  
Qui sacer ante fuit, sanctus nunc  
Incipit esse  
Loyola & in divinis annumeratur  
ovari.  
Sed queritur plenis a tergo & marginis  
in minio; quo stet non supprece  
locum.  
Repperit expuncto multum Librarius  
audax  
Germano, baud veritatis substituisse nothum.  
Ls hinc orta ferox; neque enim  
novus hospes abire  
cedere pce primis, nec simul esse  
volant.  
Quid pater hic sanctus? qui vincti  
omnia solvit,  
10 Solvit et hunc nodum dexteratque  
nova.  
State simul dixi, stabulique quiescente  
vestro  
Ut Simon & Judas, quos telet una  
fides.  
Sin minus expectet quartum Ignatius  
anni  
Febru, confutatio possidetque  
diem.  
D' Dun, Deane of Paules.  
This may be translated:

now begins to be holy, and, being numbered among the saints, he triumphs. But he complains that the Calendar is full, margins and back alike, and that there is no place left for him to stand in red. But see, he has found one: the most audacious Copyist, blotting out Germanus, has had the temerity to substitute an interloper. From this arises a hot contention, for the new arrival will not go away, the first comer will not budge, and they will not agree to share. What says the Holy Father to this? He who binds and looses everything, looses this knot too with original cleverness. Stand together, he says, "and be quiet in your stable, like Simon and Jude who share a day (i.e. October 28). If not, then let Ignatius wait for February 15 in every fourth year and have as his own the conflated day.

Certain points may need explanation or comment. In line 1 *sacer* and *sanctus* refer respectively to Loyola's beatification and canonization. Line 3 contains a reminiscence of Juvenal, 1.5-6, appropriate for setting satirical tone, while *minio*, of line 4, is the technical liturgical word for what was to be set out in the rubrics, that is, in red letters. Lines 9-10 refer to the Roman use of Matthew to prove the powers of the Papacy. *Stabulum* (line 11) might mean any kind of humble dwelling or inn. Finally, Donne is referring, of course, to the Leap Year in his final couplet, but according to the Old Style, or Julian Calendar, which added the extra day after the 24th, Donne lets us reckon with the Gregorian Calendar, too, for we must add ten days according to the New Style in order to arrive at the 25th, or *dies hibernicus*, the Leap Year day. This reading naturally assumes that Donne is using the classical Latin sense of *febru*, or the purificatory offerings made on the festival which fell on February 15. He could, however, be using *febru* loosely as a convenient metrical equivalent for February; then the tight sense for *febru* would be February, a reading justified as a rhetorical figure, *synecdoche*. One might now translate: "let him wait for the February of every fourth-year and appropriate 15th as his own day."

In *Ignatius his Conclave*... there is no actual echo of this work in the poem. The satiric tone is the same in both, however, with an irreverence and wit which suit well with Donne's. Yet one wonders why this poem, if it is his, has been so long in coming to light. Must it not appear in other common-place books or contemporary records? Perhaps it occurs elsewhere with a different attribution, or with none at all. We must inquire into the identity of the person who wrote down the present text if we are to judge of the authority of the attribution.

This section of Hunter 27 is in three different hands, but of twenty-four pages, twenty, which include the Donne poem, are in the same autograph. Certain of the letters in this hand are signed by their author, one Thomas Carre (or Carr). A comparison of this handwriting with that in volume 31 of the Hunter manuscripts, which is mostly comprised of an extended common-place book undoubtedly by Carre, shows that the two are alike; and, indeed, several personal items occur in both collections. According to Venn's *Alumni Cantabrigie*, Carre, who was born in Yorkshire, went to Peterhouse in 1607, received a B.A. in 1610/11, after which he was a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, until 1618. He took Orders in that year, and his preferences included a chaplaincy to Lord Strafford, whom he attended on the scaffold (May 11, 1641), the Rectory of Huggate, Yorks. (1621), a prebendal stall at Durham (1631), and the Vicarage of Aycliffe, Co. Durham (1632). Carre himself says (in Hunter 31) that he got possession of the Rectory of Huggate (i.e. Hemsworth, in the East Riding) presented by my L. Danvers "... a living to which he appears to have been preferred in 1620, an event not recorded by Venn. This is perhaps the same Danvers who married the widow Magdalen Herbert in 1608, the mother of George and the close friend of Donne. Carre seems to have been close to the Court and to influential people there, for he also knew John Cosin, the Restoration Bishop of Durham, whose high connections helped lead to his early exile

in Paris where he was principal chaplain to the Anglican Royalists. Cosin, while at Huggate, wrote families: Cosin at Durham, who was Archdeacon of the East Riding about his ambitions, in March 1632 in a letter preserved in the Cosin Library in Durham (Michelet's *Spearman* Mss. XLVI, 225, and in Cosin's *Correspondence* 1631-1639, 1210-11). Cosin appears keen on improving his station and it is natural that he should have cultivated the recognition of a man like Cosin who might be helpful to his advancement.

It is impossible to know exactly when Donne wrote this poem or when Carre copied it. The earliest of the letters in Hunter 27 bears the date February 4, 1613; the latest April 1633, but, of course, they both might have been copied long after they were composed. The poem must have been written after the event it recalls—the canonization of Ignatius in 1622—and Carre might well have had access to it before Donne's death in 1631, but he might not have copied it out here until later. Carre himself died in 1641, 1641 would place the poem, if not all of the items in the manuscript were copied out at about the same time, perhaps in the early 1630s, for the quality of the handwriting is very even, with a characteristic neatness throughout. The title of the poem in question, though was unquestionably copied out fully by a contemporary, possibly within ten years of its composition, by one who possibly knew Donne or else certainly knew him with men near to Donne. Indeed, we may not at present have a better proof that this poem is by Donne, and should like to see more about its composition, and seems to me no sufficient reason for seriously doubting its authenticity.

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## Poetry and Criticism

# QUATERNION ON QUATERNION

The Works of Anne Bradstreet. Edited by Jeannine Hensley. Foreword by Adrienne Rich. 320pp. The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2.8s.

Among the publications of Harvard University Press the John Harvard Library is designed "to make available to the general reader in definitive, reasonably priced editions, major book-length documents of American cultural history which have hitherto been available only in research libraries or have been reproduced in unsatisfactory editions". The idea is to include novels, poems, social and political writings, music, and cartography, from the beginning of settlement in America to the present century. Recent titles in the Library include Cotton Mather's *Benjamin*, Emerson's *English Traits*, and Hutchinson's *The Spirit of the Ghetto*. It was a good thought to put Anne Bradstreet's *Works* in this context. She is not entirely happy where the company is strictly literary.

Anne Dudley was born in 1612, the daughter of Thomas Dudley, steward to the Earl of Lincoln. At sixteen

she married Simon Bradstreet and two years later she set out in the *Arbella*, with husband, father, and mother, for Massachusetts Bay. Dudley was to become the second Governor of the colony, and Bradstreet served as Governor for ten years. A first collection of Anne's poems, *The Tenth Muse*, was published in London in 1650. A second, enlarged and corrected, appeared as *Several Poems* in Boston in 1678. This is the basis of the new edition, except for modern spelling and punctuation.

"These poems are but the fruit of some few hours, curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments", John Woodbridge wrote in the introduction to *The Tenth Muse*. But the poems are not as simple as that implies. "A right du Bartas girl", Nathaniel Ward called Anne Bradstreet, and indeed the mark of Syl-

vester's translation, *The Divine Weeks and Works*, is clear in her first verses. That is not to say that her versified quaternions assimilated, in any fundamental sense, the diverse influences of Sylvester, Sidney, du Bartas, or even the historians, Raleigh and Camden, whom she read. Much of the influence is a matter of surface. "My dazzled sight of late reviewed thy lines", she writes in a poem on du Bartas, but she was intelligent enough to know that she did not possess "an angel's voice or Bartas' pen". *The Tenth Muse* remains, however, a tedious collection, as everyone knows. In his *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* John Berryman allows the poet a stanza of exculpation: Versing I shroud among the dynasties; quaternion on quaternion, irrelevant, anything past, dead, far, sacred, for a barbarous place.

This is as good a reason as any available in Andover in 1631. After several years of the versifying habit, as a later stanza in the *Homage* says: The proportioned, spiritless poems accumulate.

And they publish them away in brutish London, for a hollow crown.

"Brutish": as Mr. Berryman says, "her epithet for London in a kindly passage about the Great Fire." So the tenth muse, "lately sprung up in America", did not spring very high. Indeed, the only poems by Anne Bradstreet which the general reader will find worthwhile are six or seven short pieces which she wrote without benefit of du Bartas, Sylvester, or Sidney; poems coming as directly as poems ever come from particular experiences, deaths, illnesses, fears. "The best of them are 'In Reference to Her Children', 'Upon the Burning of Our House', 'A Letter to her Husband', and 'As Weary Pilgrim'. None of these is as vivid as the best of Edward Taylor, not to extend comparison too far from her own Bay, but they are worth reading.

On the whole, however, it is best to place Anne Bradstreet's poems as chapters in her own impressive and moving life, and that life, in turn, in the larger story of Massachusetts Bay. The poems themselves have little or nothing to do with the American tradition in poetry. There are obvious and cogent reasons why she is not found in William Carlos Williams's *In the American Grain*, for instance, or in any compilation which stresses the development of American literature as distinct from English literature. Mr. Berryman's homage is lavished upon Mistress Bradstreet, emigrant, pilgrim, wife, mother; the poetry is something of a distraction. That seems, after all, about right.

## HOW NOT TO DO IT

MICHAEL IRWIN: *Henry Fielding: The Tentative Realist*. 147pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 25s.

The first requirements of a work of scholarship or criticism is that it employs texts of the highest possible authority. Except for *The Covent-Garden Journal*, the author of *Henry Fielding: The Tentative Realist* uses the Henley edition of Fielding throughout his study, even when referring to *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*. The only things to be said in favour of Henley are that it is more complete than any of the other editions, and that it is generally available in libraries throughout the English-speaking world. Textually it has no authority. The main substance of Mr. Irwin's book was originally an Oxford B.Litt. thesis and why a scholar with ready access to the Bodleian Library and within easy reach of the British Museum should fall back upon Henley is not easy to understand. The splendid first volume of the new Wesleyan edition of Fielding may not have been published in time for Mr. Irwin to take advantage of it, but the Wesleyan editor, Professor Martin Battestin, had already produced, in 1961, an excellent text of *Joseph Andrews*. And it is an irony scarcely to be endured that *The Spectator* is cited from the text of the 1907 Everyman edition.

It is also a requirement of Mr. Irwin's work that it should take reasonable and comprehensive note of other works bearing on the subject. An undergraduate may have to be encouraged to eschew dependence on the critical judgments of others; an author must be thoroughly at home in both primary and secondary sources. But *Henry Fielding: The Tentative Realist*—which contains no bibliography—betrays a vitiated ignorance in this respect. "One of the things I am trying to show in this book is that Fielding was a didactic writer, a moralist", the author announces. He then proceeds to make straw men of certain Fielding critics, who are said to be anaesthetized by "a nostalgic euphoria that blurs critical insight and usually seeks expression in metaphors about Old Wine and God's Fresh Air". Of Fielding's biographers he cites Cross and Dudden as equally authoritative. Of

modern critics he mentions Martin Battestin and Ian Watt most frequently, but hardly glances at their arguments and his interpretation of their studies of Fielding is hyperbolic. Of nearly all other critics who have treated Fielding the moralist he makes no mention at all: Henry Knight Miller's large and impressive study of the first volume of Fielding's *Miscellanies* (it is advertised on the dust jacket of the book under review) receives no remark at all; nor does William Empson's brilliant and controversial essay on *Tom Jones*, published in *The Kenyon Review* in 1958. There is no mention either of Maynard Mack's important essay on *Joseph Andrews*, published nearly two decades ago, or of Andrew Wright's more recent *Henry Fielding, Mack and Feast*.

Mr. Irwin gives little indication that he is engaged, let alone affectionately engaged, in the works under scrutiny. He is a determined diagnostician of the ills of Henry Fielding: "The form Fielding developed involved an uneasy compromise between... various pressures." So much is said in the introduction, and the book contains what is intended to be a revelation of what the compromise involves. The author sets out to draw attention in Fielding "to the frequency with which he miscalculated, or fell into contradictions". To pass over the extraordinary chapter, called "Fielding's Moral Position" (in which occurs the statement that "Deism... was nearly forgotten by the middle of the eighteenth century") and a pedestrian account of the plays, the author gives a summary relation of *Jonathan Wild* (which work receives a terminal "e" in the chapter title) and to *A Journey from This World to the Next*. He then turns to "The Influences Behind the Novels" and to the three novels themselves. *Joseph Andrews* is said to be unoriginal, and "the moral intention of the book is partly guided by its manner". The plot of *Tom Jones* "is more artificial, and therefore more constricting than that of *Joseph Andrews*". *Amelia* is ex-

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# A TERRIBLE TANGLE

*By Morchard Bishop*

This novel was apparently written a number of years ago but withered on the shelf. It is drawn by the author as "too personal for that stage of my career" and, as well, it was thought to be "too dependent upon the permutations of chance and reality that I could not find convincing." It could offend to one and its sincerity is excellent insurance against out-dating its publication now should it be published. It does give pleasure to most of Miss Tucker's readers.







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# ASTROLABE AND EQUATORIUM

A. E. GUNTHER: *Early Science in Oxford*. Vol. XV: Robert T. Gunther. 520pp. Oxford University Press. £5 5s.  
HENRI MICHEL: *Scientific Instruments in Art and History*. Translated by R. E. W. Maddison and Francis R. Maddison. 208pp. 104 plates. Barrie and Rockliff. £5 5s.  
W. E. KNOWLES MIDDLETON: *A History of the Thermometer and its Use in Meteorology*. 249pp. Johns Hopkins Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.

Between forty and fifty years ago it was widely believed in Oxford that scientific instruments—if not the sciences themselves—were sent by the gods to plague us. The impression was created, above all, by the activities of R. T. Gunther. Gunther was in his fifties, and had already played his part in the protracted and intensely painful birth of good science teaching in twentieth-century Oxford. He had written a number of books, and a rather greater number of provocative letters to *The Times*, but in Oxford he was to be remembered not for these, nor for the turbulent relationship between him and most of the other members of the Magdalen Common Room. Gunther in Oxford is rather the man who forced on a reluctant university a museum which would become as good as anything of its kind in the world. What is more, he was to appropriate the name "Ash-

molean" for his creation, on the grounds that it was situated in the old Ashmolean building, and it is still not clear which was thought the greater crime.

A. E. Gunther's biography of his father, which is candid to a fault, helps us to see why the Oxford of the 1920s felt so strongly about the attempt to found a museum of scientific instruments. The scientists, perhaps remembering that their own voices had not long before been crying in a classical wilderness, tended to support historical studies in their own province. (How times have changed!) Various Oxford cupboards, disturbed during the war, had yielded a remarkable assortment of old instruments, and Lewis Evans (brother of Arthur Evans of Knossos fame) seemed to be quite happy to settle his equally fine collection on the university. Successive vice-chau-

cellors surprisingly gave a measure of encouragement. With the prospect of losing the instruments to wealthy foreign collectors, who would stand in the way? D. G. Hogarth, Keeper of the Ashmolean, and Arthur Evans were two of Gunther's bitterest opponents, both resorting to somewhat devious tactics. But the most palpable obstacle was stated in a letter from Vice-Chancellor Louis Farnell to Gunther, a letter as vital today as when it was written in 1921: "... the richest University in the world cannot, and was not made to, support great Museums. Already the Ashmolean is getting beyond our powers to maintain and expand; the same is true of the Bodleian; and it will soon be true of the Pitt-Rivers. We are the only University in the world having such priceless collections. We cannot spend any more on them, otherwise we should be starving our teaching posts. Therefore, we are urging through the Commission

that the nation should come to our assistance to maintain these.

Gunther had a minimum of tact, and a seemingly irresistible urge to provoke annoyance; he was opposed by some of the more powerful faculties in the most reactionary university in Europe; even when final success seemed near he thought fit to try to keep the Rigaud Library together, thus antagonizing yet another faction. (Shades of the recent dissolution of the Giermans Library.) The wonder is that he more or less achieved his ambition. Potential founders of university museums will not be alone in wanting to know how, nor will they be disappointed by A. E. Gunther's detailed but entertaining account of his father's public life.

Since Gunther's death in 1940 the greater part of a very fine collection of scientific instruments, brought together by Henri Michel of Brussels, has been acquired by the museum Gunther founded. Michel, like Gunther, was an enthusiastic pioneer of the study of these instruments at a time when most early examples were in forgotten cellars, or even worse, in cabinets of "philosophical curiosities". Michel is well known as a civil and mining engineer who has, at the same time, written the standard work on the astrolabe. Two years ago he first published, in French, a guide to the principal types of mathematical and scientific instruments surviving from, mainly, the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The present English edition, like the original, is richly illustrated in colour having more than a hundred full plates—supporting the author's thesis that in the sci-

entific instruments of the past we can find an important art form. From his *chili* to Napier's bones, from his *globe* to the astrolabe, Michel's book can do nothing but cause an *impulse* of interest—and of prices. The English translation is in great sympathy with the text of the original, unlike this, was immediately enlarged. The English translation has added little beyond an admirable select list of books and museums.

Comprehensive as Michel's book is when dealing with mathematical and astronomical instruments, its survey of the then rapidly expanding physical sciences is, as might be expected, half-hearted. One plain, half a page of explanation, and the same woodcut as is chosen for the jacket of W. E. Knowles Middleton's study are as much as he can afford for the thermometer. If there is a case to be made for extending the account to book length, that Middleton has made it. Some readers will wish that he had included an equally detailed history of the concept of temperature, but his title is self-explanatory. Where the book weak—as on nineteenth-century thermometry and the Kelvin thermodynamic scale—the explanation is in the matter. The converse is fortunately not true, and for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there is nothing better. Among the most quiet virtues of the book are its illustrations.

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## SPECIAL TREATMENT

NESTA ROBERTS: *Cheadle Royal Hospital. A Bicentenary History*. 189pp. John Sherratt. 30s.  
WILLI FRISCHAUER: *The Clinic*. 200pp. Leslie Frewin. 25s.

In 1763 a group of Manchester citizens met to consider founding a hospital for the benefit of the insane which would "provide for these miserable objects being carefully attended and tenderly treated". Behind this proposal was obviously a great deal of sympathy for these unfortunate persons and a wish to give them a more humane and intelligent treatment than was usually their fate. The furtherance of this proposal was, however, helped by the fact that some beds in the newly opened Royal Infirmary were filled by refractory persons of unsound mind, who required the exclusive care of one of the attendants; and their numbers were fortunately increasing. It was found necessary to take into consideration the propriety of having a proportion of the building appropriated entirely to their own use.

It was soon decided that a separate building would be necessary for these insane people. A subscription list for this purpose was opened and enough money was quickly raised to make a start.

A further argument was used, probably with some effect. This was that if lunatics were given appropriate treatment some might recover and cease to be a charge on the community whereas if they were still to be maintained under the Poor Law (then the only possible alternative) the chances of recovery were small and they would be a liability on the Poor Rate until they died.

Miss Roberts has given a sympathetic and attractive account of the development of the hospital. While it is true that no spectacular revolution in the treatment of the mentally ill came from the Cheadle Royal, the general standard remained enlightened, intelligent and humane. The close association of this hospital with the Manchester Royal Infirmary, a general hospital of distinction in the widest sense, provided

an almost unique example of the care of the physically and mentally sick was undertaken by two separate bodies so closely linked that they could almost be regarded as one. The general adoption of this practice would have resulted in a greatly improved service for the mentally ill. It was said that this close link was broken when the National Health Service came into operation in 1948. The Manchester Royal Infirmary was designated a teaching hospital working under its own Board of Governors while the Cheadle Royal Hospital was administered by a committee under the Regional Hospital Board. Doubtless there were good grounds for this at the time; but it is unlikely that this action would be approved now in view of the growing understanding of how necessary is a close link between the mental and physical sides of the service.

Miss Roberts points out that a good hospital has three functions: to care for the sick, to help to train nurses and doctors and to advance the knowledge of medicine. It is good to read that at Cheadle Royal training is regarded as being as important as the other two functions. It is to be hoped that this good example will now be more widely followed in other mental hospitals.

For many years, in a street in London, there was a small shop where dogs could be taken for bathing, plucking and grooming: over its door was a notice stating that through the portal passed the most beautiful dog in all the world. So with the world of the mentally ill. Mr. Frischauer has produced a gossipy little book for those who like such things.

## Religion

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When Dr. Pusey, outraged by the findings of Victorian scholars and scientists, called on his friend Newman to effect the sort of reconciliation which the Bishop of Woolwich has tried and failed to do, Newman answered that the findings of science were so tentative that such a reconciliation would be soon obsolete. Newman was right; but so was Dr. Pusey. For the faithful truths of Christianity were constant. For those who loved God with their minds, who sought Christ as the Truth, rather than the Way and the Life, the prime function of Victorian man was to discard the cosmology of the first century AD and reinterpret Christianity in contemporary terms.

*The London Heretics 1870-1914* deals with the courageous figures who tried to fill this credal gap. Herbert Spencer applied to society and morals the principles suggested by Darwin and Thomas Huxley to explain biological evolution. It was an analogy which trained scientists shrank from but it was seized on by autodidacts such as Olive Schreiner and Havelock Ellis, who, lacking the disciplines of science or of theology, nevertheless aspired to a Renaissance grasp of human knowledge and existence. It provided a useful short cut. In the New Society, the New Man and the New Woman would evolve the New Morality in a New Spirit. Consequently the vast accumulation of human history had no longer to be regarded as a treasure house. It was rather an Augean Stable, which, once cleansed of filthy superstition, ignorance and prejudice could be made over into a desirable residence for men and women born free and equal, free from the chains of Mr. Warren Sylvester Smith, who has so ably edited *The Religious Speeches of Bernard Shaw and Shaw on Religion*, seems to have evolved *The London Heretics 1870-1914*, as the result of research into the antecedents of Shaw's religious views. At any rate, we are left with G.B.S. pointing the heretodox way ahead. Mr. Smith is apparently satisfied that the millions who still believe in God are survivors from an earlier age no more significant in the evolutionary scale of the intellect than the coelacanth in that of animal existence.

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## THE CREDAL GAP

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